

Heavy words, lightly thrown by heckinlot

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Summary:

Steve leaves Nancy in that alley, after their break up, and goes back to basketball practice. He's kind of a mess and Billy likes to play rough.

Heavy words, lightly thrown

Steve leaves Nancy Wheeler in an alley behind the school and pushes his bangs and confusion off his face as he shoulders open the gym door just in time to see Billy Hargrove shoot the basketball through that damned hoop again. He's in a sour mood and there's a pain in his chest. Steve wonders if this is what heartbreak is like. Is this the feeling he'd been giving girls since he was 11 and realized that being a good kisser with a rich Dad could hide a multitude of sins? If so, maybe Nancy's been right about him all along. He tries to edge toward the locker room. His keys are in his backpack and he's ready to bolt, scam some beer and drink it with only sad songs for company.

"Harrington, get back on the court!" The coach calls just as he reaches to push through his escape hatch.

The guys on the court spare him a glance as they get into starting positions after Hargrove's last score. Tim, from the kid who pulled him from the alley, gives him a pleading look. Billy smirks at him like the smug asshole he's turning out to be. And suddenly Steve's all in again. "What the hell," he mutters as he jogs back onto the court. He can get wasted later, now he can take out some the aggression that's humming beneath his skin instead of giving in to the urge to hunt down Jonathan Byers and punch his teeth in. That didn't work out so well the last time Steve tried it anyways.

"Nice of you to join the game, princess. Thought you'd just turn chicken and run," Billy presses as he steals the ball again.

Steve is worn out and losing as the game wears on and there might as well only be two players for all he cares. It's just him and Billy fucking Hargrove with his ridiculous California tanned skin and his greasy drape cape and his vicious jabs, verbal and physical. Tommy tries, but he's out of his league and compared to Hargrove, Tommy is a pesky gnat, attracted by the scent of Steve's hairspray, easily swatted.

The score is 10 to 4 and they've got five minutes before Coach calls it and Steve intercepts a pass to Billy and passes it to Tim before

moving to the end of the court to make the shot. But Billy follows and guards him closely. They're pressed together, groin to chest, and Steve is shifting constantly to get away.

"Stop squirming Harrington. If you make me pop wood in class, I'll beat your ass," Billy grunts in his ear and trips him again before stealing the ball. Billy tongues his bottom lip and watches as Steve's ass hits the ground before dribbling away. And Steve can't even chase him anymore, just puts hands on knees and bows his head as he waits for the heat to leave his face because what the fuck.

Steve's panting harshly and his eyes feel wet and without the distraction of the game, he wonders if Nancy is riding shotgun in Jonathan's beater right now, telling him what a shit boyfriend Steve has been. He can see the whole scene in the grain of the shiny wood flooring. Nancy looks prim and indignant, Jonathan looks intent on the road, but steals guilty glances at Nancy's face every once in a while. She's not crying and Steve wishes he didn't feel the need to. He wishes he was in the back seat and they were headed off to score some beer together and shoot the shit in his big empty house. He wishes that after they'd bought Jonathan that camera, after Steve and Nancy had left that door wide open for him, that Jonathan had just walked through it. Maybe if he had, the three of them would be together right now and Steve wouldn't be on the losing end of whatever power struggle Billy Hargrove is trying for right now. Steve wishes for a lot of things.

The whistle goes off after Billy scores and Steve's still on the ground as he does a victory lap and everyone else heads to the showers.

This is officially the worst day in recent memory and Steve's just waiting for the floor to open up and swallow him whole. Coach comes by and looks at the pathetic tableau he makes. "Keep your head in the game and you may score more often, Harrington." He slams the door of his office behind him.

"Fuck," Steve swears as he flops back, his head bouncing off the floor.

"Not such a hot shot now, princess, eh?" Hargrove taunts before jogging to the showers.

Definitely not, Steve thinks as he pushes his sweaty bangs out of his face.

Most of the guys are cleaned up and shuffling out by the time Steve makes it into the locker room. Tim shoots him an accusatory glare and all Steve can think is save yourself, kid. Instead he shrugs and pulls his t-shirt off as he heads for a vacant shower tower in back. He cleans up quickly and only finds a few bruises that are going to look aces tomorrow before heading for his locker.

The last one left is Hargrove, lacing up his boots.

“Good game,” Steve says through gritted teeth. He doesn’t know what Hargrove’s problem is with him. But if he wants Steve’s title as king of the school, Steve isn’t going to fight for it off the court. He’s got bigger things to worry about. He knows Nancy thinks he’s in denial or something, but it’s not like that. He just only wants to worry about things he can change, things he can fix. He starts to reorganize his thinking to put their relationship firmly in the Other column, with the nail studded bat he keeps in his trunk.

He misses when Hargrove moves and doesn’t realize he’s in danger until his back is up against the locker. He’s got his t-shirt and briefs on, but his pants are in his hand and he drops them in surprise. Fuck, he’s so bad in a fight. Got his ass kicked by Jonathan Byers and now it’s the new guy’s turn.

“I told you,” Hargrove pushes his knees between Steve’s thighs. Steve has to spread wider to keep his balance. His cock grazes Billy’s thighs and he can feel the grain of the denim through his briefs. “You made me hard out there, so now I beat your ass.”

“Fuck, man, I-” Steve doesn’t know what to say and his words get caught up and jumbled when Billy pushes one hand under his t-shirt, raking from nipple to pubes and back again and the other one fits between the locker and Steve’s ass, going into his underwear and pushing down to just beneath the curve of the cheek. “Stop messing around.” Steve tries to wiggle away, but there’s nowhere to go.

“No,” Billy purrs before licking up the side of his neck. He snaps his teeth in Steve’s ear and the sharp sound wrings a gasp from Steve as

his head falls back against the locker, barring his neck.

Steve feels hot, his skin feels too tight, he knows that he's getting hard against Hargrove's thigh, and he doesn't know what to do with his hands. He expects Billy to back off, to push him down and leave laughing. Instead a dry fingers runs between his buttocks and prods at his hole. Steve clenches his teeth together, he won't make a sound. He won't. Instead he winds his fingers through Billy's stringy hair and gives it a hard yank.

Hargrove laughs in his face and prods deeper. "Knew you'd be a slut for my fingers. You wanna ride my hard cock, princess? Come so hard for me while I fuck you dry?" One finger pushes inside. It's damp with sweat, but that's not enough. Steve's hard on starts to flag and it's all he can do to pant as he glares into those sinister eyes. Billy smirks as he takes his finger from Steve's hole and puts it at Steve's lips. "Suck, cause that's all the slick you're getting." He pushes it passed Steve's lips against his teeth until he opens his mouth. A moan comes out as he sucks the fingers on instinct. Billy laughs again, low and mean and Steve is starting to hate that sound.

"Such a slut for me. I'm gonna feed your hole so good and when I'm done with you and my come's running down your thighs I'm gonna spank you raw. Cause I told you. What did I tell you, princess?"

Steve shakes his head, those fingers still resting heavy on his tongue.

"What did I tell you?" Hargrove forces his fingers back until he reaches Steve's gag reflex. He withdraws while Steve is still resisting the urge to retch and puts his fingers right back at Steve's hole. It's easier now as that one long digit slides inside. Steve can feel everything and starts to hump against Billy's thighs. The finger inside him feels rough as the denim against his cock and Steve feels so turned on he could cry.

"You said you'd beat my ass."

"That's right, princess." Hargrove paws at his chest and searches inside him and he's not exactly good at this, but it doesn't matter. Steve knows he's going to come anyways. He's chasing his orgasm as he pushes his cotton covered cock against the bulge under Billy's

zipper. He pulls his hair and pants against the collar of his denim shirt.

The finger in his ass feels long and huge and it feels foreign and so good. Steve comes imagining what it would be like to have Billy's cock inside him instead. His head bangs hard against the locker and that's probably why he sees stars. He spurts across his own chest, shirt wrenched up so Hargrove can tweak his nipples harshly as he rides out his orgasm.

"Good boy, princess." Hargrove takes his hand out of Steve's underwear and pats him across the cheek before abruptly dropping him.

Steve feels cold and used and it's all he can do to stay on his feet as Hargrove looks him up and down, leering.

"You and I are gonna have a lot of fun together, princess." Hargrove says as he adjusts his cock in his pants. "I still owe you that spanking." And then he leaves. He just fucking leaves Steve standing against the locker, his ass pressed hard to the cold metal, trying not to imagine the feel of that big, open palm, reddening his ass. He bites his lip and tries not to whimper as the door swings shut.

There's nothing for it. There's nothing to say. Maybe if Billy had stuck around Steve would have something pithy to say, only to be punched for his trouble. Or spanked. Steve's cock twitches as he tucks it back into his damp briefs, stuck to his skin with sweat. Maybe it's not gay if he doesn't come with Steve, come on Steven and that's an image for later. But Steve has come cooling in his belly button and feels pretty gay right now. But he's been getting used to that idea for the last year. Steve changes back into his sweaty gym shirt, balls up the come covered one and stuff it in his bag.

Jonathan's car is gone by the time he gets to the parking lot, but Hargrove is still there, smoking a cigarette against his blue Camaro and waiting for a girl with red hair to hustle into the passenger seat. He barely spares her a glance as he stomps out his filter. His eyes are on Steve, tongue in his bottom lip, as Steve slouches into his driver's seat and pulls away. Steve doesn't look in the rear view mirror as he speeds away from the school. He's got a date with a six pack,

Morrissey, and maybe his right hand.

Author's Note:

This is my first completed fic in a long, long time. Of course it's just feelings and porn.